

Fritjof In Arcadia

Fritiof I Arkadien

On Colla Bella's heights, where goats are bounding
And pine-trees thinly shade the yellow sand,
There is a grassy glade, with palms surrounding
And gently sloping to the vine-clad strand.
There one sees Corsica in clearer weather
And distant provinces in azure rows:
There one can smell the clover and the heather,
And one can wander lightly as a feather
Up in the mountain, without any clothes.

I rambled nude and happy there one morning:
I'd come from Gothenburg across the seas.
A fig-leaf wreath my body was adorning,
And in a box I carried bread and cheese.
It was a lovely day: above me singing
I heard the little nightingale so rare:
Just like a bird set free from prison winging,
I gamboled gaily, back to Nature springing,
For I would lie upon Earth's bosom fair.

The goats and sheep were leaping all around me:
Like little clouds they looked, so white and small.
I felt the nightingale's sweet song surround me –
I was a part of all this pastoral!
But in a while, about my dinner thinking,
Upon the grass I sat to taste my fare:
My wine I opened and I soon was drinking,
But when my head I turned I started blinking –
I saw a naked maiden smiling there!

In all my life I'd seen such beauty never!
She came and stood quite near me on the green,
And then before I got my wits together
Two other lovely maids came on the scene.
They laughed and frolicked there without chemises
And sang: "Oh, happy days are here again!"
Then up I sprang, forgetting wine and cheeses!
I tossed my fig-leaf girdle to the breezes!
The maidens ran while I pursued in vain.

But in the evening I was in the city,
And there again I met the lovely three,
And they were clad in dresses white and pretty,
As sweet three graces as a man could see.
But one so boldly took me by the hand then,
And said "I'm leaving on an early train".
We walked beneath the palms along the strand, then:
We talked and drew some pictures in the sand, then,
And sang: "Oh, happy days are here again!"

"I come from San Francisco," said the maiden,
"That's why I like to climb about the hills.
I like to frolic without clothing laden,
For I love Nature without fuss or frills.
Yes, in America we're far more clever,
While here in Europe you are more mondaine!
But you and I are much the same, however –
Oh let us wander side by side forever!
Oh, darling, happy days are here again!"

Evert Taube
English translation: Helen Asbury

SCAFELL PIKE LP
Skagerack, (Stockholm: Mercury, 1977)

Calle Scheven's Waltz

Calle Schewens Vals

On a fair Baltic isle, by a flowery bay
Where ripples wash in from the sea
The reeds slowly sway and the sweet new-mown hay
is wafting its fragrance to me
There I sit alone 'mid the trees by the way
and gaze at the sea birds on high
They dive into a glittering watery spray
and feed, while I watch them and sigh.

I'm mixing my coffee quite freely with rum
to a strength and a flavor just right
the accordion's measures alluringly come
and my cabin's a castle tonight!
I feel like a boy, though a grandad am I
My spirit my grey hair belies
It keeps getting worse as the years pass me by
with waltzes and maidens' bright eyes.

Look — there's a gull with a fish he has caught
and I'm caught by arms soft and white
My heart is in Heaven, by youth I am taught
so play, for I'm dancing tonight!
The forest aroma and a sweet serenade
bid you welcome to stay as my guest
Here dances Calle Scheven with Roslagen's maid
the sunset is in the northwest.

My flowery isle is at rest by your side
oh tranquil and black Baltic sea
While June twilight shadows so tenderly hide
its slumbering bushes and trees
You dance like a fairy in wonder and bliss
with the magic of men in your eyes
Your childish hand trembles at the touch of my kiss
while in minor the waltz slowly dies.

Hello, all you people who visit my bay
I'm a wise and sober old man
When morning arrives I will stack up my hay
and catch all the fish that I can
Away with you, twilight — the dawn you disclose
in fir tops agleam one by one
Here dances Calle Scheven with Roslagen's rose
He dances while up comes the sun!

Evert Taube

English translation: Helen Asbury and Roger Hinchliffe

ROGER HINCHLIFFE LP

Sweden's Greatest, (Stockholm: RogeRecords, 1988)